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Excessive Expectations
Mayor Hylan and the Board of Estimate have already begun to estimate Mr. Smith's election in a fashion that that gentleman is little likely to approve.

Not only have they taken it for granted that the control of transit in New York is to be turned over to them January 1, but they have provided for immediate pay advances for city commissioners on the theory that they can "get away with anything" now that Mr. Miller is soon to go off watch.

Two commissioners, Dr. Copeland of the Health Department and James A. Hamilton of the Department of Correction, are to vacate their city posts by reason of their election as United States Senator and Secretary of State, respectively. With eager celerity the Board of Estimate has provided that the pay of their successors be lifted from \$10,000 to \$10,000 a year. A tentative proposal to boost the pay of all the commissioners was made while the board was under consideration.

What Mr. Clemenceau possesses in the way of wit is so closely akin to our American joshing that it might be its own brother. It has a sharper edge, it is swifter and keener, not quite as gentle and good-natured. Its purpose is much the same, to keep one's bearings and one's sense of humor, no matter what grave affairs overhang.

Goodness knows, the whole world needs its sense of humor these days as never before. The more of it Papa Clemenceau can restore to a jaundiced universe the better.

Tampering With Economic Law
The effort of American farmers to attain the millennium or thereabouts through the passage of the grain futures act, under which speculation will be carried on with direct governmental supervision, is now being subjected to the searching analysis of the Federal courts, which have stayed the operation of the new law in Minneapolis and Chicago until its constitutionality shall be determined.

Mr. Newberry's Opportunity
Truman H. Newberry will do a sensible thing if he resigns his seat in the Senate and stands for re-election. Since his victory over Henry Ford in 1918 he has been pursued relentlessly and most unfairly. His friends spent some \$300,000 to carry the state for him. Mr. Ford, who had carried Michigan in 1916 as a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination, was beaten for Senator in the Republican primary by Newberry. Then he turned around and ran for Senator as a Democrat, having been returned a winner in the Democratic primary.

Meanwhile he had successfully harmonized his pacifist prepossessions with the Wilson war and peace policies. It was desirable to keep Mr. Ford out of the Senate. The Newberry managers spent money freely on legitimate campaigning. Ford did not need to spend money that way, having had a nation-wide publicity thrust upon him by his ark-of-peace voyage to Europe and his spectacular activities as an industrial magnate. The better man won in the primary and at the election. It is regrettable that he did not assume at once full responsibility for the expenditures made in his behalf. They were justified by the circumstances and he should have stood or fallen on them.

signing when an attempt was made by a Federal district judge in Michigan to impose criminal sentence on him. This sentence was afterward quashed in the United States Supreme Court. He was also right in refusing to resign when the validity of his title was attacked in the Senate. The Senate affirmed its validity and dismissed Ford's claim to the seat.

But now that Senator Townsend has been defeated for re-election in Michigan and his successor has taken the result as a warrant to go to Washington and reopen the Newberry case there is an excellent opportunity for Mr. Newberry to seek vindication in a court which can give him a final clearance. The voters of Michigan know the conditions of the Ford-Newberry fight. Do they approve Mr. Newberry's course? If they do no voice can be raised against him hereafter and an obnoxious and troublesome issue, artfully exploited, will be laid to rest.

Josh vs. Jaundice
M. Clemenceau remarks upon his advantage in being able to speak English. Even more important is the fact that he speaks American—not the slang of America, but its idiom of thought, especially the trick of approaching the most solemn subject with a jest, so grievously irritating to our solemn British relatives across the sea.

Josh is the hallowed American term for the kind of talk we have in mind. It is a sacred part of the national habit, flavoring our whole philosophy. It is not a sauce of wit poured over a serious dish; it is a seasoning cooked into the substance of our thought.

Now, the French are a more serious people than the joshing Yankees. They never can quite understand why we laugh so much. (Wherever, by the way, did originate that notion of the French as a frivolous people?) But they share enough of the American lightness of touch toward life in general to comprehend Americans sympathetically. Here is a small item of character, perhaps, but it probably accounts for much of the understanding that exists between Americans and French, let the diplomats rave as they may.

Whether he will do so or not is a question. There are men and women who would scorn personal dishonesty who think no shame to see a small boy lifting apples from a fruit stand and hold their peace. In every thief chase a portion of the crowd always hopes that the fugitive will get away from the policeman.

There is in human nature a deep yearning for the achievements of Sherlock Holmes; else fake detective agencies could not sell so many tin stars. But whether the new devices will be aided and abetted by a stern determination on the part of the public to prevent fraud by one's neighbors on a transit company is a question that can be better answered after the experiment has been tried a few months.

Moving Day in 1834
That moving day is an invention of the devil is a belief held by New Yorkers. Furthermore, they believe it to be the particular invention of a twentieth-century devil who is the tutelary deity of landlords. "It was not so in the old days," they say to each other. This business of having to pile all one's belongings into the street and cart them to some other domicile is a new-fangled imposition that all righteous citizens should oppose. "We have put up with it long enough," they say each year. "Now we will make an end of it."

lean to the view that, though it would perhaps hinder grain speculation, it will not completely block that which is useful.

In Germany before the war clumsy efforts were made to end the uncertainties of economic life by killing off speculation, which merely measures it. The fatality of such lawmaking was demonstrated. Agrarians and others, dissatisfied with things as they are, often in their zeal seek to temper the heat by breaking the thermometer. Under ideal conditions self-imposed regulation of speculation is perhaps best, and if there is any great political significance in the grain futures act it is the fact that its passage served notice on all markets that unless abuses are voluntarily removed, law-making bodies will step in and do bluntly what might better have been done on the initiative of scrupulous brokers themselves.

In a word, the grain futures act brings the whole question of the marketing of wheat, corn, oats, barley, rye and flour under the direction of the Secretary of Agriculture, who receives wide powers to investigate and to check abuses. The act, however, does not preclude dealings in futures or make hedging impossible. The Tribune thinks the discussion of the law on the basis of legal quibbling is unfortunate and would like to see the whole matter tested on grounds of economic expediency.

A Mechanical Diogenes
If the detective complex is as strong in human nature as the Interborough Rapid Transit Company appears to believe, the new thief-detecting turnstiles will save it large sums of money annually. But the success of the machines depends upon the co-operation of the public. And whether a strap-hanger's standard of honesty includes a sense of responsibility for the honesty of his neighbor remains to be proved.

The new attachment to the now familiar mechanical fare collectors flashes on a mirror a picture of every coin dropped into the slot. If the coin is a round, fair nickel he who runs for a train—or rather from a train—may behold, and know that the incoming passenger is doing the right thing. If it is a cheap metal slug he will know that a thief is about to steal a ride, and can, if he chooses, raise the hue and cry.

Whether he will do so or not is a question. There are men and women who would scorn personal dishonesty who think no shame to see a small boy lifting apples from a fruit stand and hold their peace. In every thief chase a portion of the crowd always hopes that the fugitive will get away from the policeman.

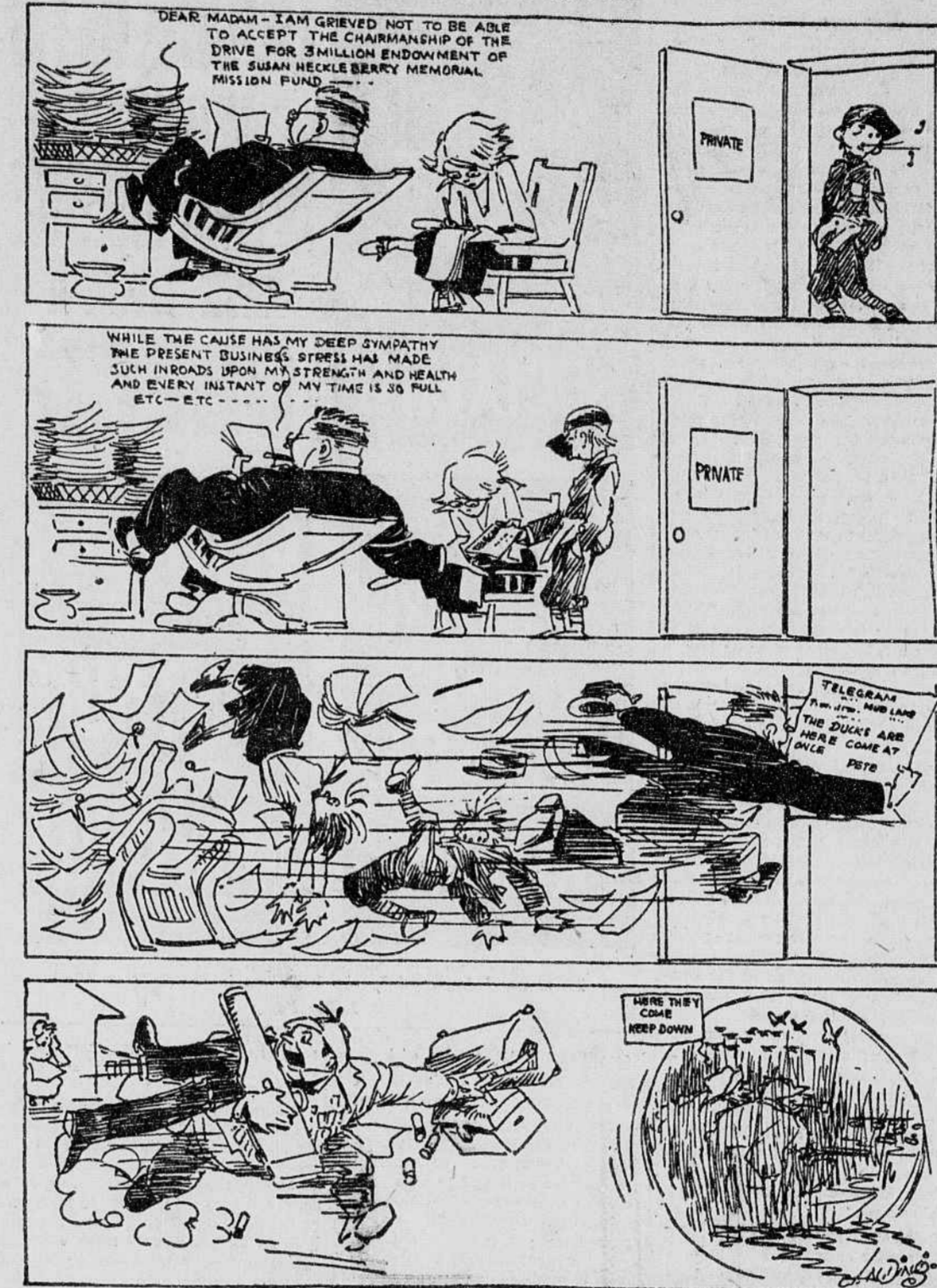
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Yet on May 1 in 1834 one David Crockett, famous hunter and backwoodsman, spent the day driving in what he termed "an elegant barouche" through the new residential districts of New York City in the neighborhood of Washington Square. He had never been here before, and was taking in the sights. As the day drew on he became more and more puzzled at the ever-increasing number of packing cases and chairs and household furnishings that blocked up the sidewalks and even the streets. Everywhere he went the confusion was growing greater. To Crockett it looked as if the people of the city were flying before some awful calamity. "Every one seemed to be pushing out their furniture," he wrote, "and packing it away. Every street was crowded with carts, drays and people."

THE CALL OF THE WILD

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Books and So Forth By Frederic F. Van de Water (F. F. V.)

CHIEF of our troubles in attempting to write about books is the unavoidable truth that we don't know anything about them. It is not the public display of our ignorance that we deplore. After having exhibited it in one form or another for thirty-odd years we have become sort of calloused and shameless. But we do bemoan the fact that we are a sufferer from literary color-blindness, because this misfortune makes just that much more work for us.

We read a book and it makes us yawn or smile or thrill or get sore. And after we have spent a paragraph or so in informing an indifferent public that we think it's a good book or a bad book we have exhausted our topic. We can't declaim on the structural faults of the plot, for we don't know anything about plot building. We can't wax eloquent over its delicate character depiction or its masterly style because it's a three-to-one shot that we'll go completely wrong if we try. All we can do is blurt that we like the book or don't like it and then gasp and grunt and fall back upon the weather as a topic of conversation.

Meanwhile the real critics are soaring aloft on the wings of sapience, doing barrel rolls and Immelmans turns and tail spins in the rarefied atmosphere far above us, and we sit on the ground, mouth open, marveling dully. Consider the following, which has filled our bosom with envy and draped our soul in humility:

"His method is highly elliptical, based on the curious formula of Tristan Corbiere, wherein reverential and blasphemous ideas are juxtaposed in amazing synthesis and there are mingled all the shining verbal toys, impressions and catch lines of a poet who has read voraciously and who possesses an insatiable curiosity about life. The anomic grin which suffuses it is a rictus which masks a hurt romantic with sentiments plagued by class reality, and it is faulty structurally for the reason that, even with the copious (mock and serious) notes he supplies in elucidation, it is so idiosyncratic a statement of ideas that I, for one, cannot follow the narrative with complete comprehension."

After reading the above there is nothing left for a person like myself to do but look at himself in the mirror and say to his reflection: "Why, you big low-brow hum!"

We sometimes wonder what the critics read. One-half so precious as the stuff they write.

For us, all reading is divided into two classes—Hard and Easy. If we hadn't the tattered remnants of a New England conscience there would be only one class—Easy.

Under the Hard designation we would place all of literature that we read because we know we ought to. We plough through it from a sense of duty and count the enjoyment that we find not infrequently during the ploughing as just so much unexpected gain. The Bible, Eschylus, Shakespeare, Milton, Thackeray, Conrad, Hutchinson, Bennett—all fall under the Hard classification.

The Easy books we read because we want to. If we get any real benefit from the practice it is merely incidental good fortune. Among them we'd list Homer, Euripides, Herrick, Dickens, Kipling, Wells (in his less partisan age), Lewis, Galsworthy and others less erudite to mention.

Since we have started in writing that foundation that the present usefulness and the future existence of the American Red Cross rest.

about books we have confined ourselves as far as possible to the Easy books. So often after having completed one of the Hard ones we have a dirty desire to rise up and bellow brutally, "Rotten!"

"The Boy Grew Older," by Heywood Brown, is undoubtedly one of the Easy books. Perhaps we are prejudiced, being a father and a former—how we love that adjective—newspaperman myself, but we enjoyed it.

It glides pleasantly along over the surface of things. There are plenty of places where, if you wish, you may sit, down and weep over the tragedy of existence, but the author doesn't drag you by force to the mourner's bench and insist that you sob with him.

Mr. Brown's one point of release into unnecessary realism seems to be linked with the subject of disasters.

By the exercise of great self-control we can refrain from quarreling with the author and his theory of rearing the young of the species. Personally we doubt whether the practice of telling your child not to do something in order to insure his doing it will work out satisfactorily. Sooner or later he is sure to run up against the Ten Commandments, and the ensuing débacle ought to be awe-inspiring.

their miles in support of the cause it sponsors.

It is on this theme that I should like to commend the American Red Cross to the loyal support of the people of the United States in its campaign for the enrollment of new and the registration of old members.

It cannot live up to its slogan and be "Ready for Service" without the active interest and hearty support of every able-bodied man and woman in the country.

In the Mail Box
(From The Red Cross Courier)

Many interesting and unusual communications are being received at National Headquarters among the hundreds of letters containing donations for the Near East Emergency Fund.

All of them, from the letter of a millionaire containing a check for \$18,000 down to the scrawled pencil note inclosing the "widow's mite," wish the Red Cross goodspeed on its errand of mercy.

One letter from an aged deacon in the South displays an example of self-denial and kindness that can hardly be excelled. Without any attempt at self-praise this contributor writes that his services as church deacon net him only \$10 a year.

"I am sending you half of this," he writes, "and know that you will use it for those unfortunate driven from their homes in Smyrna, who are much worse off than I am."

Another missive from a man with a meager education but a big heart says:

"I am a poor man and in debt, but the ones that I owe can wait better than those people across the sea. It is now over never with them. I am sending \$1, and would make it more if I could."

Perhaps the most unusual communication is from a man who, by his own admission, is a fugitive, yet finds time and inclination to send in his donation.

"I can't sign my name or give you my address," he writes, "because they are looking for me. I am sending \$1, the best I can do. May God bless you and all those trying to do good all over the world."

The Olympia Floats
Dewey's Flagship by No Means at the Bottom of the Sea
To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In reading an article in today's Tribune regarding the Naval Expedition at the Grand Central Palace I noted the following:

"Torpedo boat destroyers, submarines, oil tankers, passenger ships, colliers and freighters cross the bows of square riggers, schooners and clippers of olden times. Admiral Dewey's flagship of Manila Bay fame is now at the bottom of the sea as a result of a collision during the great war, but her replica is on exhibit at the marine show."

Indeed, it was quite a surprise to learn that "Dewey's flagship of Manila Bay fame" is at the bottom of the sea, for only this past summer Dewey's flagship, the Olympia, was one of the ships that composed the midshipmen's practice cruise, and, surely, "Dewey's flagship of Manila Bay fame" acted quite lively in covering over 6,000 miles during the cruise. And, further, it often headed the squadron, consisting of the U. S. S. Florida, flagship; U. S. S. Delaware and U. S. S. North Dakota, in formation. In fact, while the midshipmen's squadron was stationed at Halifax the early part of last August, the American ship that went to the rescue of the H. M. S. Raleigh, when the latter went aground off Belle Isle, Newfoundland, was "Dewey's flagship of Manila Bay."

On the 31st of August, when the cruise ended, the Olympia proceeded to Philadelphia, where she was put "out of commission." Though the Navy Department discontinued the use of the Olympia in the service, the ship will be kept by our government as long as it will float, or as long as Mrs. Dewey lives, to fulfill a dying wish of the great hero of Manila Bay.

T. R. DOTZLER,
Midshipman, U. S. N.
Annapolis, Md., Nov. 8, 1922.

Governor Miller's Two Years
To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In your editorial to-day on "Mr. Smith's Victory" you say that the fact of our next Governor being known throughout the length and breadth of the state as Al went further than anything else toward his election. This, it seems to me, is a wrong conclusion. The two candidates stood on entirely different platforms. Reverse the men, the result would have been the same.

Instead of mourning over yesterday's defeat we should rejoice that we had a man like Governor Miller in Albany for two years. His administration will be a beacon light to those who understand the serious, sacred meaning and full use of freedom for a nation. Governor Miller's two years of service will be a rich legacy to the Empire State.

SARA T. LEFFERTS.
New York, November 8, 1922.

Chilly Copeland Voters
To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Maybe it was loyal Democrats who sent Dr. Copeland to the United States Senate, but, "on the other hand," to quote Henry Hull in "The Cat and the Canary," "maybe again it wasn't." Maybe, among the "million a day" who ride in the Copeland-iced subway, were many who put their health above their politics and helped to send him where he couldn't open the car windows on them in zero weather.

DOROTHY DARE.
Brooklyn, November 8, 1922.

From "The Waste Land"
(From The Dial)

THE river sweats
Oil and tar
The barges drift
With the turning tide
Red sails
Wide
To leeward, swing on the heavy spar.
The barges wash,
Drifting logs
Down Greenwich reach
Past the Isle of Dogs.
Weialala leia
Weialala leialala
Elizabeth and Leicester
Beating oars
The stern was formed
A gilded shell
Red and gold
The brisk swell
Rippled both shores
Carried down stream
The peal of bells
White towers
Weialala leia
Weialala leialala.

A Week of Verse

In Their Image
(From Poetry)

I AM one of the wind's stories,
I am a fancy of the rain,
A memory of the high moon's glories,
The hint the sunset had of pain.
They dreamed me as they dreamed all
other—
Hawthorne and I, and the grass;
With sister shade and phantom brother
Across their sleep I glide and pass.

Twilight is in my blood; my being
Mingles with trees and ferns and
stones;
Thunder and stars my lips are freeing,
And there is sea-rack in my bones.
Those that have dreamed me shall out-
wake me,
But I go hence with flowers and weeds;
I am no more to those who make me
Than other drifting fruit and seeds.
And though I love them, mourn to leave
them—
Sea, earth and sunset, stars and
streams—
My tears, my passing do not grieve
them . . .
Other dreams have they, other dreams.
MURIEL STUART.

Turkey Cock
(From Poetry)

YOU ruffled black blossom,
You glossy dark wind.
Your sort of gorgeousness,
Dark and lustrous
And unfathomable
And poppy-glossy,
Is the gorgeousness that strikes my
darkest admiration.

Your aboriginality,
Deep, unexplained,
Like a Red Indian darkly sumptuous
and aloof,
Seems like the black and glossy seeds
of wonderful centuries.
Your wattles are the color of steel
which has been red hot
And is going cold,
Cooling to a powdery pale-oxidized sky-
blue.

Why do you have wattles, and a naked
wattled head?
Why do you arch your naked-set eye
with a more than comprehensive
haughtiness?
You contract yourself;
You arch yourself as an archer's bow.
Which quivers indrawn as you clench
your spine,
Until your veiled head almost touches
backward
To the root-rising of your erected tail.
And one intense and backward-curling
frisson
Seizes you as you clench yourself to-
gether
Like some fierce magnet bringing its
poles together.

The peacock lifts his rods of bronze
And struts blue-brilliant out of the far
East;
But watch a turkey prancing low on
earth,
Drumming his vaulted wings as savage
drum
Their rhythms on long-drawn hollow
sinister drums—
The ponderous sombre sound of the
great drum of Huichilobos
In pyramidal Mexico, during sacrifice.
Drum and the turkey onrush,
Sudden demands dauntlessness, full
abreast,
All the bronze gloss of all his myriad
petals
Each one apart and instant.
Delicate frail crescent of the gentle out-
line of white
A each feather-tip,
So delicate;
Yet the bronze wind-bell suddenly
clashing,
And the eye over-weening into madness.

Turkey-cock, turkey-cock,
Are you the bird of the next dawn?
Take up the trail of the vanished
American
Where it disappeared at the foot of the
crucifix.
Take up the primordial pride,
The more than human, dense magnifi-
cence,
And disdain, and indifference, and on-
rush; and pry open the new day
with them.

Is the East a dead letter, and Europe
moribund?
But those sumptuous, dead, feather-
lustrous Aztecs, Amerindians,
In all the sombre splendor of their red
blood,
Stand under the dawn, half-godly, await-
ing the cry of the turkey-cock?
D. H. LAWRENCE.

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